

Intimations.

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PLATES, PAPERS, FILMS, CHEMICALS, KODAKS, CAMERAS,
&c., &c., &c.

Coast Port Orders Executed.

ACHEE & CO.
FURNITURE STORE, 17, QUEEN'S ROAD, HONGKONG. [12392]

"CLAYMORE."

FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

SOLE AGENTS:-

THE VICTORIA DISPENSARY,
HONGKONG.

1247a]

PETER SYS' WONDERFUL SPECIFIC.

THE only remedy at present known as an INFALLIBLE and PERMANENT CURE for
SPRUE, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, HEMORRHOID, and ULCERATION
of the BOWELS.

Recommended by some of the Chief Specialists of the Medical Profession.
Sold retail by all Chemists and Wholesale

by
THE PETER SYS COMPANY,
(Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers),
9, Old China Street,
Shanghai.

12th October, 1898.

[1242]

UNTOUCHED BY HAND.

MELLIN'S FOOD

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

When prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, ENGLAND.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

IN accordance with the Provisions of Ordinance No. 6 of 1875, the Undermentioned BANKS will be CLOSED for the Transaction of Public Business, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, the 25th and 26th instant, and on MONDAY, the 1st January, 1900, respectively.

For the CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA,

AUSTRALIA AND CHINA,

T. H. WHITEHEAD,

Manager, Hongkong,

For the HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION,

T. JACKSON,

Chief Manager, Hongkong,

For the NATIONAL BANK OF CHINA, LIMITED,

GEO. W. F. PLAYFAIR,

Chief Manager, Hongkong,

For the MERCHANT BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED,

JOHN THURBURN,

Manager, Hongkong,

For the BANQUE DE L'INDO-CHINE, Hongkong Agency,

L. BERINDOAGUE,

Acting Manager, Hongkong,

For the BANK OF CHINA & JAPAN, LIMITED, HONGKONG,

CHARTREY INCHBALD,

Manager, Hongkong,

For the YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED, S. CHOH,

Agent, Hongkong,

For the IMPERIAL BANK OF CHINA, E. W. RUTTER,

Acting Manager, Hongkong, 23rd December, 1899. [15954]

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

THE Undermentioned INSURANCE OFFICES will be CLOSED for the Transaction of Public Business, on MONDAY and TUESDAY, the 25th and 26th instant, and on MONDAY, the 1st January, 1900.

JARDINE, MATHESON & CO.,

General Agents,

CANTON INSURANCE OFFICE, LD.

General Managers,

HONGKONG FIRE INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,

DOUGLAS JONES,

Secretary,

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON, LD.

Agent,

NORTH-CHINA INSURANCE CO., LD.

A. S. GARFITT,

Acting Secretary,

CHINA TRADERS' INSURANCE CO., LIMITED,

SHEWAN TOMES & CO.,

Agents,

YANTZSE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LIMITED,

GEO. L. TOMLIN,

Secretary,

CHINA FIRE INSURANCE CO., LD.

Hongkong, 23rd December, 1899. [15959]

WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN, EAST INDIAN, seeks

Employment as a CLERK, either in

HONGKONG or any Part of CHINA. Very good

Correspondent and Office Assistant. Ex-

cellent references.

"X."

c/o The Hongkong Telegraph,

Hongkong, 19th December, 1899. [15972]

WANTED.

TWO GENTLEMEN in the country desire

at once a CHINESE TEACHER for the

CANTONESE DIALECT.

Replies stating Salary expected to be ad-

dressed to

"O.A.L."

Care of This Paper.

Hongkong, 22nd December, 1899. [15922]

NOTICE.

NIGHT SCHOOL for EUROPEANS, by an

EX-SCHOOLMASTER.

Terms moderate, for Particulars apply

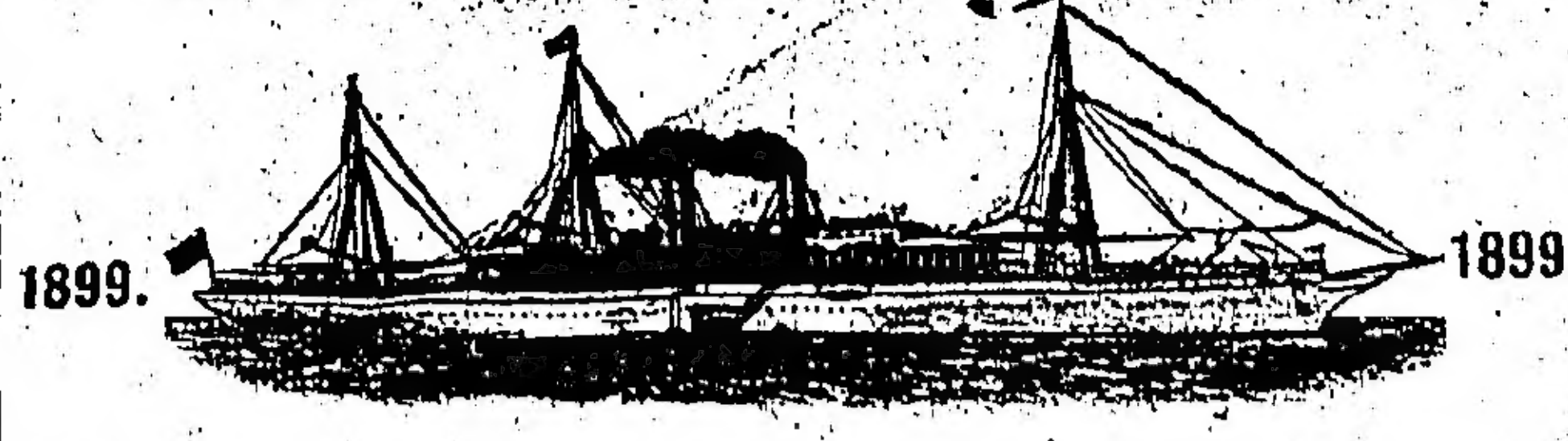
to the

c/o This Office.

Hongkong, 18th August, 1899. [15922]

Mails.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COY'S ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE.



SAFETY. SPEED. PUNCTUALITY.
THE FAST ROUTE BETWEEN CHINA, JAPAN AND EUROPE, VIA CANADA
AND THE UNITED STATES.
(CALLING AT SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI, YOKOHAMA & VICTORIA, B.C.)
Twin Screw Steamships—6,000 Tons—10,000 Horse Power—Speed 19 knots.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.
EMPRESS OF CHINA...Comdr. R. Archibald, R.N.R. ...WEDNESDAY, 17th Jan., 1900.
EMPRESS OF INDIA...Comdr. O. P. Marshall, R.N.R. ...WEDNESDAY, 14th Feb., 1900.
EMPRESS OF JAPAN...Comdr. Geo. A. Lee, R.N.R. ...WEDNESDAY, 14th Mar., 1900.

THE magnificent Twin-screw Steamships of this Line pass through the famous INLAND SEA OF JAPAN, and usually make the voyage YOKOHAMA TO VANCOUVER (B.C.) in 12 DAYS, saving THREE DAYS to a WEEK in the Trans-Pacific journey, and make connection at Vancouver with the PALATIAL TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAINS of the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY which leave daily, and cross the Continent FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE ATLANTIC WITHOUT CHANGE. Close connection is made at Montreal, Quebec, Halifax New York and Boston with all Trans-Atlantic Lines, which passengers to Great Britain and the Continent are given choice of.

Passengers Booked through to all principal points and AROUND THE WORLD. Return tickets to various points at reduced rates, Good for 4, 6, 9 and 12 months. SPECIAL RATES (First class only) granted to Missionaries, Members of the Naval, Military, Diplomatic and Civil Services, and to European Officials in the Service of China and Japan Governments.

The attractive features of the Company's route embrace its PALATIAL STEAMSHIPS, (second to none in the World), the LUXURIANCE OF ITS TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAINS (the Company having received the highest award for same at recent Chicago World's Exhibition), and the diversity of MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN AND LAKE SCENERY through which the Railway passes.

THE DINING CARS and MOUNTAIN HOTELS of this route are owned and operated by the Company, and their appointments and Cuisine are unexcelled.

For further information, Maps, Guide, Books, Rates of Passage, &c., apply to

D. E. BROWN, General Agent, 13, Pedder's Street.

Hongkong, 20th December, 1899.

NORTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANIES.

VIA SHANGHAI, INLAND SEA, KOBE, AND YOKOHAMA.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

FOR VICTORIA, B.C., AND TACOMA, IN CONNECTION WITH

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO

Saint Louis... 1,377 | W. Attree... Jan. 6.

City of Dublin... 1,328 | J. R. Racc... Jan. 12.

Greenwich... 1,367 | G. E. Elliott | Jan. 20.

Also FOR PORTLAND, OREGON, IN CONNECTION WITH

OREGON RAILROAD AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

Aberdeen... 1,377 | J. Murray... Jan. 27.

THE attention of Passengers is directed to the very cheap rates offered by the Line, HONGKONG TO LONDON £47.

Excellent accommodation. First-class Tables. DOCTOR and STEWARDSS carried.

HONGKONG TO NEW YORK £41.

The Railroad travelling is second to none on the American Continent. Magnificent Scenery of the ROCKY and CASCADE MOUNTAINS. The YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK route. Passengers to EUROPE may proceed by one of the first class ATLANTIC MAIL LINES.

HONGKONG TO TACOMA £28.

Rates of Passage to other Points on application.

Special rates allowed to members of Government Services.

Through Bills of Lading issued to Pacific Coast Points, and to Canadian and United States Ports.

Consular Invoices of Goods for United States Points should be in duplicate, and one copy must be sent forward by the steamer to the Freight Agent, Tacoma, Wash., or Portland, Or. (whichever may be the destination of the Steamer).

Parcels must be sent to our Office (with address marked in full) by 5 P.M., on the day previous to sailing.

For further information apply to DODWELL & CO., LIMITED, General Agents, Hongkong, 23rd December, 1899. [15954]

CALIFORNIA AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE ATCHESON TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD CO.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG TO SAN DIEGO VIA INLAND-SEA OF JAPAN AND HONOLULU.

Taking Cargo and Passengers to JAPAN PORTS, HONOLULU and SAN FRANCISCO, THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO, CENTRAL and SOUTH AMERICA, &c.

Strathgyle... 1,523 | about | Jan. 10.

Carlisle City... 1,302 | about | Jan. 10.

Belgian King... 1,379 | about | Jan. 20.

Carmarthenshire... 1,299 | about | Jan. 31.

THE Steamship

"STRATHGYLE" will be despatched for SAN DIEGO VIA KOBE, YOKOHAMA and HONOLULU, on or about WEDNESDAY, the 10th January.

Through Bills of Lading issued to any point in the United States.

Cargo will be received on board until 5 P.M. the day previous to sailing. Parcel packages will be received at the OFFICE until the same time. All parcels should be marked to address in full. Value of same is required.

Consular Invoices, to accompany cargo destined to Points beyond San Diego, should be sent to the Company's Office, addressed to the Collector of Customs, San Diego.

For further information as to Freight or Passage, apply to

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents, Hongkong, China and Japan. Hongkong, 10th December, 1899. [15954]

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

TAKING CARGO AND PASSENGERS TO JAPAN, THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA AND EUROPE.

VIA THE OVERLAND RAILWAYS, AND ATLANTIC AND OTHER CONNECTING STEAMERS.

VIA INLAND SEA OF JAPAN AND HONOLULU.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

Coptic (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) Saturday, 20th Jan., 1900, at Noon.

Gaelic (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) Tuesday, 13th Feb., 1900, at Noon.

Haric (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama and Honolulu) 1900, at Noon.

THE Company's Steamship

"COPTIC," will be despatched for SAN FRANCISCO, via SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI, KOBE, INLAND SEA, YOKOHAMA & HONOLULU, on SATURDAY, the 20th January, 1900, at Noon.

Steamers of this line pass through the INLAND SEA OF JAPAN, and call at Honolulu, and passengers are allowed to break their journey at any point en route.

Through Passage Tickets granted to England, France and Germany by all trans-Atlantic lines of Steamers, and to the principal cities of the United States or Canada. Rates, and particulars of the various routes may be obtained upon application.

Special rates (First-class only) are granted to Missionaries, members of the Naval, Military, Diplomatic and Civil Services, to European Officials in the service of China and Japan, and to Government officials and their families.

Passengers who have paid full fare, re-embarking at San Francisco for China or Japan (or vice versa) within one year, will be allowed a discount of 10 per cent. This allowance does not apply to through fares for China and Japan to Europe.

All PARCEL PACKAGES should be marked to address in full, and same will be received at the Company's Office until FIVE P.M. the day previous to sailing.

Consular Invoices to accompany Cargo destined to Points beyond San Francisco, in the United States, should be sent to the Company's Office, addressed to the Collector of Customs, San Francisco.

For further information as to Freight or Passage, apply to the Agency of the Company, Queen's Building.

J. S. VAN BUREN, Agent, Hongkong, 23rd December, 1899. [15954]

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

HOMEWARD PASSENGER SEASON, 1900.

NOTICE.

THE Undermentioned Vessels will sail from CHINA DIRECT FOR

MARSEILLES, PLYMOUTH AND LONDON.

WITHOUT TRANSHIPMENT.

STEAMERS.

Time

S'hai H'kong S'pore.

Paradise... 1886 Mar. 27 Mar. 31 April 6

Massilia... 1906 April 10 April 14 April 20

For Freight or Passage, apply to

H. A. RITCHIE, Superintendent, Hongkong, 4th December, 1899. [15954]

Mails.

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA.

(THE JAPAN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.)



PROJECTED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG—SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

STEAMERS.	DESTINATIONS.	SAILING DATES.
HIROSHIMA MARU	{ DOMBAY, VIA SINGAPORE and COLOMBO }	TUESDAY, 26th Dec., at Noon.
HITACHI MARU	{ KOBE and YOKOHAMA }	WEDNESDAY, 27th Dec., at 4 P.M.
FUTAMI MARU	{ MANILA, THURSDAY ISLAND, TOWNSVILLE, BRISBANE, SYDNEY and MELBOURNE }	FRIDAY, 29th Dec., at 4 P.M.
AWA MARU	{ MARSEILLES, LONDON, and ANTWERP, VIA SINGAPORE, PENANG, COLOMBO & PORT SAID }	FRIDAY, 29th Dec., at 4 P.M.
INABA MARU	{ MARSEILLES, LONDON & ANTWERP VIA SINGAPORE, PENANG, COLOMBO and PORT SAID }	SUNDAY, 14th January, at 4 P.M.

For further information as to Freight, Passage, Sailings, &c., apply at the Company's Local Branch Office at No. 7, Prince Central.

A. S. MIHARA,
Manager.

NORDEUTSCHER LLOYD.

(Freight Service.)
(Taking Cargo at through Rates to ANTWERP, AMSTERDAM, ROTTERDAM, LISBON, OPORTO, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, TRIESTE, GENOA, PORTS IN THE LEVANT, BLACK SEA and BALTIC PORTS, NORTH and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS.)

HAMBURG-AMERIKA LINIE.



PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG. SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

STEAMERS.	DESTINATIONS.	SAILING DATES.
AMBRIA	HAVRE and HAMBURG.	12th January.
Burnmeister	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 22nd January.
*SARNIA	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 31st January.
Fuchs	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 5th February.
*SILESIA	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 10th February.
Behrens	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 10th February.
WITTENBERG	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 10th February.
Madsen	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 10th February.
HOLSATIA	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 10th February.
Bahle	(LONDON with transshipment in HAMBURG) HAVRE and HAMBURG.	About 10th February.

* These Steamers have Superior Accommodation for Passengers and carry a Doctor and a Stewardess.

For further Particulars as to Freight, Passage, &c., apply to

981] CARLOWITZ & Co., Agents.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, VIA INLAND SEA OF JAPAN AND HONOLULU.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

NIPPON MARU (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama & Honolulu) Wednesday, 3rd Jan., 1900, at Noon.

AMERICA MARU (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama & Honolulu) Saturday, 27th Jan., 1900, at Noon.

HONGKONG MARU (via Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe, Inland Sea, Yokohama & Honolulu) Thursday, 22nd Feb., 1900, at Noon.

THE Steamship

"NIPPON MARU" will be despatched for SAN FRANCISCO, via SHANGHAI, NAGASAKI, KOBE, INLAND SEA, YOKOHAMA and HONOLULU, on WEDNESDAY, the 3rd January, 1900, at Noon, taking Freight and Passengers for Japan, the United States, and Europe.

Steamers of this line pass through the INLAND SEA OF JAPAN, and call at Honolulu, and passengers are allowed to break their journey at any point en route.

Through Passage Tickets granted to England, France, and Germany by all trans-Atlantic lines of Steamers, and to the principal cities of the United States or Canada. Rates may be obtained on application.

Passengers holding through ORDERS TO EUROPE have the choice of Overland Rail routes from San Francisco, including the SOUTHERN PACIFIC, CENTRAL PACIFIC, UNION PACIFIC, DENVER and RIO GRANDE, and NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS; also the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY on payment of £4 in addition to the regular tariff rate.

Passengers holding orders for OVERLAND CITIES in the United States have between San Francisco and Chicago, the option of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC, CENTRAL PACIFIC, UNION PACIFIC, DENVER and RIO GRANDE, and other direct connecting Railways and from Chicago to destination the choice of direct lines.

Particulars of the various routes can be had on application.

Special rates (first class only) are granted to Missionaries, members of the Naval, Military, Diplomatic, and Civil Services, to European Officials in the service of China and Japan, and to Government officials and their families.

Through Bills of Lading issued for transportation to Yokohama and other Japan Ports, to San Francisco, to Atlantic and Inland Cities of the United States, via Overland Railway, to Havana, Trinidad, and Demerara, and to ports in Mexico, Central and South America, by the Company's and connecting Steamers.

Freight will be received on board until 4 P.M. the day previous to sailing. Parcel Packages will be received at Office until 5 P.M. same day; all Parcel Packages should be marked to address in full; value of same is required.

Consular Invoices to accompany Cargo destined to Points beyond San Francisco, in the United States, should be sent to the Company's Office in Sealed Envelopes, addressed to the Collector of Customs at San Francisco.

For further information as to Passage and Freight, apply to the Agency of the Company, Queen's Building.

J. S. VAN BUREN, Agent, Hongkong, 23rd December, 1899. [15954]

U.S. MAIL LINE.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

VIA INLAND SEA OF JAPAN AND HONOLULU.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

*Alcoa (via Moji, Kobe, Yokohama & Honolulu) Saturday, 10th Feb., 1900, at Noon.

China (via Shanghai,

(Published by Arrangement.)

THE LOAN OF A HARTJEN,

BY

G. B. STUART.

(COPYRIGHT.)

PART II.

"Your song is lovely, Herr Wyk," Florence said, a little nervously for her. "I can hum the tune now quite correctly, after hearing you sing it once or twice, and when I get within reach of a piano again I am sure I shall be able to pick out the accompaniment, and sing it. It will make quite a sensation in London; a real Frisian fishing song."

"You are meaning to go to London soon?" "I think next week. Miss Santley's holiday is nearly over, and I have other things to do."

"You will go to London now for the rest of the year?"

"Heaven forbid! no—then, seeing him stare, she went on laughing, 'nobody goes back to London at the beginning of September—it is a waste, a wilderness, with no more people in it than in Heligoland. No, I shall go to Scotland first, and then to Sussex, and perhaps to Woolwich for a bit, and so home.'"

"And when will you be in London?"

"I suppose about the first of November."

"And about the first of November shall I come also to London?"

"Yes, Herr Wyk?"

"Yes!—why not? I have never been to London, it is true, but I have been to Memel and to Berlin and to many other places. I do not mean to live all my life upon this island. Do you think a real Frisian fisherman will make a strange sensation among your friends in England?"

"What was she to say? The man before her was picturesque enough in his rough, knitted blue shirt, his oiled trousers and big boots—he was even comely and pleasant to look upon, with his manly, purposeful face and his strangely childish blue eyes. She had taken his hospitality, and almost thrust her friendship upon him, and flattered her trust in him and her indifference to the conventional distance between them, in his face—but to think of him in London as her friend, as he had been in Heligoland?"

"I am not coming to London dressed like this," he said, laughing a little with his eyes, and drawing a little closer. "I shall go to Hamburg first, and get proper clothes, like a gentleman. I will even, perhaps, have to take lessons in some things that gentlemen must learn, but there will be plenty of time for that if you will not be in London till the first of November."

Florence's heart sank, then, she took a desperate resolve. "It could be better," she said, "that you should once and for all dispose of it for ever, than have it hanging over her in this fashion. But you are not only coming to London to see me," she said without lifting her eyes.

"Am I not? Perhaps you are right. The first duty of my visit is to your father, to say to him, 'Sir, I have seen your daughter in Heligoland, and I have followed her to England. I have some houses and land in our island, and some boats that do well in the fishing, and money in the bank at Hamburg—but these are nothing to offer her in comparison with my love. I know Heligoland is only a small place, and poor, compared with England, but we are all of the same race, and where we love we are as strong and powerful as you. Your daughter comes to see me, and took my heart from me the first time I ever saw her; still, I doubted what I should dare to do, until one day she asked me for my Hartjen, and then I knew that she would not consent to wear my bride's jewels unless—"

"Stop! stop!" cried the girl, in an agony. "I borrowed the ornaments, it is true, for Miss Santley's picture, but I have never worn them; I never meant anything but to help Una to paint her 'Frisian Bride' correctly. I do not want them, or your love either!"

"You have never worn them? Who has, then?"

"Sandra Hendricks."

"Do you know, young people, that the Freya will be over us if we do not pull out of the way," cried Miss Santley, who had suddenly found the pages of "The Freya" was the steamer which brought passengers from Caxhaven and Hamburg to Heligoland, and as Miss Santley had said, she was close upon the *Moeve*. Peter had to be roughly awakened from slumber, and two pairs of oars soon brought the little sailing boat in shore; it was all done in a quiet, masterly manner, the boat beached, the ladies handed out; while there was anything to do it was not likely that Franz Wyk would be time in talking. Miss Grant, frightened and a little ashamed at the way in which she had been rescued, was immensely relieved by the sudden interposition of the Hamburg steamer. It had saved her, at a very uncomfortable juncture, from an annoying scene, and she would take good care that Wyk should not have another opportunity of renewing his extraordinary declaration. She jumped out of the *Moeve* more quickly than she had ever done before; Miss Santley was busy collecting her rugs and hugging her loose papers, and Franz must perforce assist her, while Florence hurried forward, scarcely heeding where she went, in her anxiety to escape from him.

The boats from the Freya were unloading their passengers on the beach, as Heligoland custom is; a crowd of men and women, eager to be porters, were surrounding the handful of arrivals, shuffling at their small luggage, and deafening them with questions in bad English and worse German; a tall, young Englishman, in a light suit, detached himself from the group and pushed his way through it. "Miss Grant," he said, "I have followed you and Miss Santley all the way to Heligoland, and have managed pretty fairly so far, but now it seems as if these savage islanders were bent on tearing me to pieces. Please tell me what the next move is to be?"

"Mr. Le Mesurier! I could not believe my eyes! Come this way—Una is just behind, and between us we will take care of you."

After supper that night the three English people sat on the balcony of the "little room" which Miss Santley used as a studio. Mr. Le Mesurier was moved to smoke, Miss Santley knitted as she watched the light gleaming in ominous blue radiance across the sea. Florence, who was uneasy and inclined to fidget about, moved to and fro, altering things within the room, or bringing sketches and curious to the window for their guest to see. Presently she sat down with all the bridal ornaments in her lap.

"You will not want these again, I think Una will let Mr. Le Mesurier see them, and then I should like to send them back. They are too valuable to keep longer, then we absolutely require, and as far as the picture goes you have finished with them."

"By Jove, they are handsome!" said young Le Mesurier, coming to the light and weighing the golden Hartjen in his hand. "I have seen something like them in the north of Holland, and in Heligoland, but none so valuable as this. You must have made a vast impression upon some worthy Heligolander, Miss Grant, to get such an splendid

auspicious lent you. Don't you know, they are quite superstitious about these wonderful bridal ornaments that descend from mother to daughter, or son's wife as the case may be; they are only to be handled and worn by the bride elect, or mischief comes of it."

"What mischief?"

"Oh, I don't know—'batter, murder, or sudden death' I suppose—or at least a good genuine heart-breaking all round—Yes, that must be it, as it is in the form of a heart."

"That may be so, perhaps, in Holland or Heligoland," said Florence, lightly, though her cheeks were very pale, "but our sturdy Heligolanders are probably not so romantic. Herr Wyk made no objection to lending these for Una to copy, but now we had better return them, and get rid of all responsibility."

"That night the storm broke, and lashed the little island with almost tropical fury—it seemed as if Germany was going to lose her latest acquired possession in the rage of the elements. The wooden houses creaked and groaned and almost sprang asunder as the wind lashed and tore them; no one, certainly no visitor to the island, closed on eye all night, till the grey morning broke in pitiless sheets of rain, and the storm sobbed itself out in loud, sullen breakers along the beach. The three English friends met at breakfast, the two younger deploring, lugubriously, the change in the weather and surveying the desolate scene from the windows of the little *Spekter-saal*. Una Santley had her work to do, and could paint all day without reference to the weather, but for Florence Grant and Arthur Le Mesurier, such a day was a terrible infliction; luckily, they had each other to amuse, and set about it vigorously, after their kind, with mutual recollection and reminiscences of past London gaieties, which carried them through the long forenoon till early dinner time, not altogether unpleasantly."

"If you come up to the studio by-and-by you shall see the prettiest girl in the island," said Miss Santley to Mr. Le Mesurier during dinner.

"Haven't I seen her already?" he answered, speaking to the artist, but looking at her friend; "but perhaps you mean something local, something more in this style," with a comprehensive glance round at their fellow guests.

"These are German; Cassandra Hendricks is pure Frisian—the type of women Tacitus describes with much admiration," continued Miss Santley, who had taken an Anglo-Saxon craze.

"Queer sort of young person to meet at afternoon tea," Le Mesurier remarks carelessly.

Afternoon tea has now become an institution as thoroughly English as the Established Church itself. Every day the London ladies brewed it solicitously at half-past four o'clock, in their own little Japanese teapot. Sometimes they were constrained to begin the funtion half-an-hour earlier, but never was it postponed so much as five minutes later than the appointed hour. So much for the feminine force of habit. Whether the little apparatus was spread in Miss Santley's studio, or on the lee side of an Oberland sandhill, or under the shelter of one of the deep red Underland crags, Florence Grant as duly warmed the pot, measured out the tea, and allowed it proper time to draw, as if she had been in her own home drawing-room; the spirit lamp, and the little tin of biscuits fitted into their basket, and there was a napkin folded below for washing up the cups before they were repacked—a service which Franz Wyk had frequently rendered on many an excursion.

To-day the studio looked inviting enough, with its window tightly shut from the grey drizzle without, the tea spread on the little table covered with a white cloth, and Florence Grant in her warm red dress, which the islanders knew so well, bending over the bright flame of the spirit lamp. Miss Santley had been painting diligently at her large picture, though her model had failed her for the first time. Now the light was becoming uncertain, and she leant back, putting a little fanciful touch now and again, and throwing an occasional observation over her shoulder to the tea-maker.

"I suppose the weather has frightened Sandra—enough too. Up on the Oberland last night I wonder the roofs stayed on—if there is wholesale dilapidation anywhere I suppose I ought to go out and look at it, for the *Panorama's* sake. I hope Herr Wyk will let me hear if there is anything worth writing about. Franz Wyk had been in 'effulgent' in finding 'deuts de vue' for the *Panorama's* representative."

"May I enter your portable England?" asked Arthur Le Mesurier from the doorway; "I can't think how ridiculously like Lennox Terrace this room is, Miss Santley. How do you manage to carry so much of your personality about with you? Those long grey jars with the grasses, and that red drapery in the corner; surely they are not local ornaments?"

"The grey jars we bought for a fewpence apiece in the market; the red rug is our greatest standby in travelling, but at present it adorns that corner because the hideous, painted cupboard won't stand straight, and to drape it is our only chance of getting it into harmony. The details of our studio are, I fear, somewhat squalid, but I am glad the effect is pleasing."

"By Jove, I should think it was—especially after the contrast of the beach below there. I never saw such a scene of desolation. I thought I knew the utmost limits of dreariness, which coast scenery could arrive at from my experience of winter duck shooting on our own East Coast, but this beats everything! And to think of the exquisite day we had only yesterday! Miss Grant, you are shivering with cold, you had better let me get my flask, and supplement your tea with a spoonful of cognac."

"Is that one for me, and two for yourself?"

"On my honour, no. I got quite warm battling with the wind, and after all, you know, it is only August still. Down on the strand the good people seem to be in a terrible state of excitement. Some boats were smashed or lost in the storm last night—my Heligolander is not very advanced, so that I did not clearly understand what had happened, but it appears to be a matter of considerable interest, from the row that they are making. I went round and had a look at the rocks, where apparently the mischief was done—they are murderous enough for anything. Is there a family of some name like Vik or Wyk?"

"Good heavens, what is it?" cried Miss Grant.

"It was Cassandra Hendricks bursting suddenly and announcing into the snug little English interior, and Cassandra, with her classic namesake, dripping and dishevelled from her tussle with the elements, no plaid Frisian maiden, but a vengeance-breathing northern goddess, as dire and merciless as Freya herself could be."

"Do you know what you have done?" she cried, addressing Miss Grant, who stood, slight, white-faced, and trembling before her all the careful English sentences which she had practised with such pride were forgotten, and she poured forth a torrent of island *gaites*, which to Mr. Le Mesurier and Miss Santley was simply unintelligible, though Florence could catch her meaning with terrible intuition.

"What have you done with my cousin, my playmate, the bravest, handsomest man in our island? You have played with him as a cat does with a mouse; you have led him on with your smiling and your singing—very you

not content to catch a one, as this 'with a contemptuous Englishman towards the slim-tweed-coated Hartjen, and that you must needs take and toss them both aside, along with it, with them? Do you know that you have done driven Franz Wyk, with your wicked, you have goodness sake get this mad creature!"

"For goodness sake get this mad creature!"

"Of the room," cried Miss Santley, who the she could not understand Sandra's language had caught the name of Wyk, and seemed to have divined its significance; but Florence pushed her back.

"In God's name tell me what has happened," she said in German; Le Mesurier's flippant words of the evening before, "batter, murder, or sudden death," were in her ears, but her natural habit of command asserted its power over Cassandra's wilder nature, and reduced the Frisian girl's narrative to something more like coherency.

"You went with him yesterday in his boat," she answered doggedly, her face working fiercely, but her words coming with dramatic distinctness, "you know best what you said to him, and he to you. He met me on the steps an hour afterwards and caught me here, by my arm. You can see the marks if you like—lie, who had never been rough to a dog even, to hold me like that! He called me a deceiver, a cheating woman, for dressing myself in the jewels that he had lent only to you; you, who had told me he gave them for me to wear. Do you know what it means when you accept a man's Hartjen in our island? It is not a thing to play with, for idle amusement, to please a fine lady!" and her bosom heaved tempestuously with rage and wounded pride.

"I never played with either of you," cried Florence Grant, "never with you I swear it. I asked your cousin for the loan of his jewels, not thinking, but that he knew what he was doing. He said, 'as for you, you consented willingly enough! How was I to know what absurd implications you would attach to so simple an affair? Do not say another word about it, but tell me at once what has become of Herr Wyk?'"

"You will never see him again, nor I either! He told me he would not stay to be laughed at by you and your English friends. He parted from me in anger and scorn—scorn that I could let myself be so readily deceived, but oh! not the scorn in which he holds you, who deceived him!" He said he did not care what became of him, and the *Freya* was to make out pieces in the gale last night. He will never sail here, you will never sail in her again! "He sailed in the *Freya* this morning; he has gone to Berlin to declare for Germany—to enlist!"

"It was rather bathos after all!" As Miss Santley said, when at last they had got rid of the angry, sobbing girl, there is a latent power in these northern people which makes it dangerous to have any intimacy with them unless you entirely understand them. And Mr. Le Mesurier, who had felt very *de trop* during this uncomfortable scene, reiterated what he had said the night before, about the jealousy with which the people of Heligoland regarded their bride ornaments. "As far as I could make out from the Beauty's harangue she was demanding them back in a panic, was she not?"

"I shall send them in their box, and leave them with Captain Geister, the Governor, as Herr Wyk has left the island," said Florence.

The weather in Heligoland had broken, and the English party were glad to leave at the end of the week, when Miss Grant carried out her projected round of visits, including one to the paternal house of her fiancé, Arthur Le Mesurier. Miss Santley has more than satisfied the *Panorama's*, and her "Frisian Bride" will be exhibited next May.

Cassandra Hendricks is waiting for her cousin's return after his three years' service.

THE END.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Tremois lifted his chin from his chest and his eyes from the toe of his shoe and sighed dolefully.

"I don't believe she'll have me," he said, for the some doleful time.

"Why should she?" he asked, argumentatively.

"Why?" I asked, reflectively.

"Tremois glared at me. 'What can she see in me, for goodness sake?'"

"True," I replied, when I said.

Tremois regarded me doubtfully. "It's a crass presumption in me to dare to love her," he asserted.

I nodded an enthusiastic assent.

Tremois glared at me for a full minute. "She is so lovely, and pure, and—and beautiful, that for a rough, crabbled, worldly fellow like myself to want to marry her seems almost like an insult," he said.

"It is," I agreed.

"I'm as good as you are!" cried Tremois hotly.

"Undoubtedly," I observed, in a sarcastic tone as I could manage.

"And I'll propose to her this very night, if you do think I'm too big a scoundrel to!" Tremois announced, bitterly, as he hastily departed.

Well, I suppose I am out a wedding present, but I've proved my theory, which is that the self-abnegation lovers indulge in is simply unconscious hypocrisy. —Sport and Gossip.

OLD HUNTING DRESS ODDITIES.

An amusing description of the tall chimney-pot our grandfathers used to wear a-hunting is given by Mr. Birch Reynolds in "Bygone and Anecdotes of Bygone Days." It had as much nap on it as there is wool on many a Southdown sheep's back, and in shape it resembled a flower-pot. "These hats were wonderful to behold, not only from their height and shape, but also for their marvellous discomfort, for when they got wet through they became as soft as tripe, as heavy as if they had been made of sheet lead; and a mixture of something after the manner of gum or glue would trickle down one's face and neck to one's endless discomfort; and they took a deal of drying and ironing with a hot iron to get them into any kind of shape again."

The same writer describes the mud boot of the same period. "It was a large roomy kind of legging, made of either drab cloth or fustian, with a foot to it and leather sole which took in the boot, it came up to the middle of the thigh, was held up by a strap of the same material, of either brown cloth or fustian, and it had a cleverly contrived hole in the back of the heel to let the spur come through; the whole was secured to the owner's leg by a row of buttons too numerous to be described; as soon as the master got off his back his servant came to his assistance and unbuttoned his mud boots. The master then got on his hunter, and there he was mounted and eager for the fray, as neat as if he had just come out of a band-box."

Lord Alanby, one of the pride of the Courtiers in 1825, appeared one day in a preposterous pair of boots. They had tops decorated with ribbons, and were laced like the old Life Guards' boots with the corners rounded off. The laces were laced round his left leg, to protect the knee, which he had injured by running a thorn into it. Lord Alanby, literally, "went him one better," and

ordered a pair of the same sort to protect both his knees from the thorns in the bushes. —Sport and Gossip.

LETTER FROM LADYSMITH CAMP.

AN OFFICER'S DESCRIPTION OF FLANDSLAAGTE BATTLE.

The *Cutta* contemporary publishes the following letter from an officer at present beleaguered Ladysmith, No. 5th Dragoon Guards' Camp. All have gone south October, 1899.

"I arrived here on the 19th, and was attached to the 5th, so next morning I set up my tent here and commenced duty. The very second day, the 21st, I had the wonderful luck to get into the camp, where for two miles of open plain we were shelled by the Boers guns. The sensation is a most exciting one. Bang goes the gun, and the shell comes screaming over your head, and for several seconds you have the uncertainty as to where it is to fall. Their shooting was quite good enough for us, as shells fell all round us, within five yards of us, but only one man was hit. Half way across we had to halt under fire, whilst two men dismounted to cut the wire fencing and let us across the railway. As we sat still there, waiting for above three minutes with shells bursting all round us, we had an experience most of us will never forget. We had two mad charges into the retreating Boers, and killed and captured a crowd of them. The men used their lances, and we our revolvers, and I had my first taste of killing fellow men. One man near me dashed into two Boers riding one horse, and spitted the two and had to leave the lance in them. It was pitch dark when the order came to rally, and another subaltern and I who had ridden on after the retreating Boers, finding out a lot of Boers, so we stayed to bring them on, and so lost sight of our squadron, and after blundering about in the dark for an hour, we decided to halt till daylight, as we did not know where we might fall into a Boer camp, being right behind their original position, and three miles from our own main body. It rained all night, and we had an awful time, but regained the squadron in the morning to find that the victory had been complete; that we had captured their guns and killed and wounded 400 of them, losing on our side 4 officers and 37 men killed, and 11 officers and 185 men wounded. Every officer in the Gordons, except one, was hit."

We rode over the battlefield next morning to bring in the captured guns, and the sight was awful, the place being strewn with dead and wounded men and horses, as all the wounded could not be found in the night."

On the 21th, during a reconnaissance, in which the Gordons were out, they lost poor Wilford, shot through the head."

The large portion of officers hit in these fights is due to the fact which we learned from some prisoners, that the Boers tell of special sections of good shots to do nothing but pick off officers. We are being worked very hard, as all the patrolling has to be done by cavalry, and we have not many regiments here. We go to bed in our clothes and are off within 10 minutes. Often we are out for three days, with only a little biscuit and cheese in our haversacks, but I am feeling as fit as possible."

To-day we went out to help in the Glencoe force, 3,500 strong, who had retired upon this camp, so we are now the front line of defence. We have about 10 or 11,000 men here, including Volunteers, and the Boers are to-night within three miles of us, numbering about 24,000; so far as we can make out. I am sending this off early to-morrow as the railway may be cut behind us any moment, when we shall be entirely cut off from communication with outside. Our camp is well fortified, and we have plenty of supplies and ammunition. From to-morrow we shall have a lot of fighting, as the Boers are bringing up a lot of heavy guns to shell us, but we shall beat them off all right. I shall close now as it is 10-30, and we shall probably be called out at 3 to take the place of the squadrons which are out keeping touch with the enemy."

"SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN."

The subtitle of Mr. Horace Wyndham's new work is "A Book about the Army" (Sand & Co.), for the volume is one that deals in a very thorough manner with the life and works of all who are privileged to wear the Queen's scarlet. In addition to the book being a most interestingly written one, it is also one of decided value as a work of reference. This is by reason of the fact that its author is himself an ex-soldier of the Queen, and is thus enabled to write "with authority." Such a state of affairs is refreshing, for nearly all the books in circulation that purport to treat of military matters have emanated from the pens of well-meaning ladies who, scarcely knowing the difference between a bombardier and a bombardment, do not hesitate to deluge the booksellers with novels on "army life." That their conceptions of this are, in the majority of instances, as erroneous as they are unintentionally humorous, goes without saying. Consequently there has long been room for a really authentic volume on the subject. As such a one is Mr. Horace Wyndham's "Soldiers of the Queen," we feel justified in predicting a large sale for it.

Even without this claim of authenticity, the book possesses sufficient qualities to ensure it a large measure of success. Mr. Wyndham writes a humorous and observant pen, and possesses the rare gift of conveying in a terse and dramatic form the scene which he wishes to bring before his readers. Take for instance, this passage—descriptive of the ceremony of kit inspection. The colonel is going round a barracks-room, has halted at the bed side of an alleged "old soldier!"

"The circumstance occasions ill-concealed feeling of uneasiness in the breast of the colour-sergeant, for he knows full well that the kit here exhibited is not likely to be of an altogether satisfactory nature. In his heart of hearts, accordingly, he offers up a fervent petition that no detailed examination will here be made. It is not to be, however, for the colonel, after pausing irresolutely at the foot of the bed, bends forward and casts a coldly critical glance at the neatly folded shirt lying at the upper end."

"Shake that out," he commands briefly.

"I want to see what it's like."

In the most imperturbable manner imaginable Private Jones complies with the order. Unfolding the article referred to, he holds up to view about a square foot of dingy, gray flannel, with a collar-band attached thereto by means of a couple of pins.

"Bless my soul! What do you call that?" demands the commanding officer sharply, while the colour-sergeant starts back in simulated horror.

"That's it," answers the owner simply, as he prepares to replace it in its proper place.

"That's a good deal more than I do, then," is the Colonel's rejoinder. "Captain Browne, have this man put down for a new shirt!"

mediately. That bit of rag is only fit for rifle cleaning."

"Very good, sir. Colour Sergeant Roberts, make a note of it!"

"Er—the top button-hole is really in a very fair condition," whispers a young subaltern to the quartermaster, in whose company he is following his seniors.

All the remaining sketches in the volume are hit off in the same light and vivid fashion. Where all are good it is difficult to particularise; but perhaps the chapters on "The Sergeant's Ball" and "The Draft for India" are the two best ones in the book. In these the humorous as well as the undercurrent of pathos in the soldier's life are touched upon in a really brilliant fashion. To all who wish to know something about the life of the rank and file of an army—and they must assuredly be very many—Mr. Wyndham's "Soldiers of the Queen" may be cordially recommended. Excellent as was his former volume, "The Queen's Service," this latter is considerably in advance of it.

TO NAME THE NEW STREET.

(BY A. M.)

It is only of late that England has ceased to let things come to pass by a chance-medley, and so we have a mind to set about naming our new London street with some deliberation. And while we are now about the matter, some renaming would not be amiss, done in care, so as to tamper with no history, but only to defeat the obscure caprices that have named a multitude of streets as it were in private.

In comparing our manner of naming with that of Continental towns, one notes in the first place the domestic obscurities, and in the second the insular respect for such families, which no revolution disturbed from the feudal days onward—the national permission of privilege and consent of class. Not so are the commercial nobles of the mediæval ports abroad allowed to name a street or a quarter. Their own palace bears their names, but seldom does the highway. In London the palace had a shorter life, but when it was pulled down and the garden destroyed that opened upon the abounding fields of this valley, the name was still the street's or the lane's, and is not now to be dislodged. Leigh Hunt's book, "The Town," is but a dullish book, done with the "light touch" of a cheap and habitual and cheerful and chatty writer; but it has plenty of information as to this ancient observance of respect. At every turn he tells you that this street or its market "is named after the ancient family of—"

There is one chief manner of naming that most takes the fancy of the wayfarer, and this gives the name of the far city whereto it is directed, to the local London street. You feel Oxford at the far end of this westward way. It sets forth, it is visibly on a journey, it has a direction, and London that spins the thread "lives along the line."

Not a further of the road accompanied by grass, going along the old lands, the old rights, and the old parishes will have it, and as the unresting hills and fleeting valleys lead it gently with its burdens—not a furlong but is for Oxford. The straight road of France shows the way obviously, but this long and persistent English traveller that is so easily turned aside, surely turns back again like the drifting stem of a lily.

Quite different is the naming of streets after the distant city which has been the custom of recent years in Italy. A demonstration of union was made every time that a new, wide, and, unfortunately, a vulgar street was named within any city after a sister city, whether a companion town of the plain or a place of remote name beyond peaks and torrents, or seated by the other sea.

Especially has every town a Via Roma, in order to express the national grasp upon Rome. Those noble names—Brescia, Modena, Parma—which sound so like a call to arms that an Italian can summon them in a song even yet without a breaking voice, are now that arms have so long done their worst, the sign of a ruined agriculture and of cities that have been so long and so long ago, and the former country people to creep to people that are mere producers, and are now hangers on of the mere distributors. Such unforeseen ends have hopes fulfilled.

What the rail took away from the spirit of the London street that bears the name of its distant end and has all its journey before it, the cyclist has restored. The street seems again to make ready and to open a gate to the west or the east, and one might wish that Leigh Hunt's great families had done less with their vanished houses, and that the beckoning of the far city had done more in the naming of the streets. Sometimes one cannot tell whether the coincidence of some old dedication has given the same name to a street deep in the city, and to a road that bears it in solitude in a province, or whether that far wayfaring road is the very street on its way to the sea. Evelyn records the burning of Gracious-street when the City was in flames; and hard by White's Sealborne, and the Bostal, which lies under the hanging woods, and the Plestor, which is the immemorial name for the little green in the midst of this ancient village, is a Gracious-street, walking deep amid solitary fields. High-begged, a hollow road, finding its way among the hills southward, it had travelled far from the silent Plague, and the loud Fire, and the clamorous War, of that disastrous Restoration. Gracious-street glowed and was ashen grey by night and day in London; Gracious-street, under the clear stems of beech woods, turned and wandered and held on its waying English way towards the limit of the land.

The difference between a new—quite new—London street and an ancient, is that the first is not intended to lead, in any important manner, out of town. Its exit may be left to the chance encounters of other ways, to corners and cross-roads, and it may reach the open country without any kind of ceremony by way of the dwarf suburbs. Its whole business, as a street, is within the town and within but a small district. It has to carry the great burden of the movement of London a little way, with a little more ease, and there is an end. It has no other world it is a citizen, and serves the town; and going the way this new street is to go, doubtless it will never see a sunset or a sunrise, and for the most part of the year will lie beneath unheavenly skies."

Perhaps no other capital has so few streets named after its men of note as London. Paris has gone so energetically to work, naming and re-naming, that hardly a deceased author of any greatness is without this from of civic remembrance. Victor Hugo has his avenue, and M. de la Roche-Vandier has his street. And among Italian cities, Florence, as better than "gentleness" has been busy to the same purpose. Otherwise it is with the hackneyed name of Mazzini and Garibaldi—names of doubtful remembrance in the mind of younger Italy—that the enthusiasm of an older generation displaced the names to which the very spirit and aspect of the ancient streets were joined in the minds of the people. Shaftesbury-avenue seemed to begin the new fashion in England, but early in the century the dedication of Addison-road by Lord Holland was the first and in the name of literature.

"Dury Lane" says Leigh Hunt, "takes its name from the habitation of the great family of Drury." Hungerford Market takes its name

from an old Wiltshire family. "The Clam family have left their name to Clam Market," and so forth. There are, moreover, the conspicuous examples that every one knows of this is not, needless to say, the general manner of London naming, but it is perhaps, the most predominant of many. The saints had their share, but the Reformation clipped their titles. Shakespeare takes it for granted that the clipping was an older custom: "It was of Clement's once myself, where they talk of that shallow suit." Yet some "Saints remained." "Oh, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Fields?" "No more of that; good Master Shallow, no more of that." Then, in his youth, Sir Roger de Coverley was perplexed to know whether he should ask for Marybone or Saint Marybone. The fashion of brevity at any rate is pure English. There is nothing like it elsewhere.

With the Saint in London was not always a church, but sometimes a well, and even a stream. So it was with Clement's. The later Londoners of

